LOOK OUT FOR THIS BIRD!

IT is with feelings of sympathy for all persons whose perennial destiny is fulfilled in "furnished apartments with all the modernimprovements," or with none, that we reproduce from the columns of a daily paper, the following "Want."

MOCKING BIRD WANTED.—A strong built first class bird, fine whistler, that sings most of the time, and makes a great variety of wild noises, at reasonable price.

For many long, weary months, the writer of these remarks has resided in the same house with a Mocking Bird. That Bird is not one of the muscular songsters described in the above advertisement as "strong built." On the contrary, it is a creature of slender frame, and appears to have run principally to tail and bill. The active existence of this individual bird commences exactly at 30 minutes before 1 o'clock, every morning, and terminates very regularly about a minute before half past twelve at night. During the interval, say about—23 hours 59 minutes,—its only occupation seems to be the giving of a serial entertainment, conducted something on the principal of those initiated by the late celebrated CHARLES MATTHEWS, and at present hawked about London, England, by Mr. WOODIN, in his Carpet Bag. To describe the warblings of the interesting little subject of this notice would be impossible. There are more noises forged somewhere between the bill and tail of that industrious bird than can be accounted for by mere human philosophy; but we may just state that the loudest of them is a tolerably close imitation of a steam fire-engine in full blast—the feeblest of them suggestive of a healthy mouse, jammed into an expression of feeling by the sudden opening of a door.

The above, gentle reader, is a slight tribute to the talents of a small, scraggy, and somewhat retiring individual of the Mocking Bird family. Think, then, O! think of a "strong built first class" one; and when the moving month of May arrives, scrutinize carefully the lodging-house of your choice, with a view to take immediate steps for the suppression of any person lodging there who is "a fine whistler, that sings most of the time, and makes a great variety of wild noises"—even at the most "reasonable price."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EQUUS.—Our paper is not a sporting journal, and for any information about the pedigree of the Mare Imbrium you might as well ask the Man in the Moon.

A. P. A.—The slang phrase you speak of, "Got him where the hair is short," is of very ancient origin, and is profanely supposed to have been the exclamation of one Dalilah, as she waved her shears in triumph after clipping off the last lock of Samson's hair. It has been a by-word among the Philistines ever since.

M. U. M.—There were once only 9 digits in our arithmetic, but we believe there are eleven now, counting in the digit of Scorn, and "Dig it!" addressed to a fugitive.

BUTCHER BOY.—Is it always a poor rule that won't work both ways? By no means. For instance: A dollar's worth of beef can always be had for four quarters, but it does not follow that Fore Quarters of beef can always be had for a dollar.

L. S.—*Quid Washingtonæ faciam? Mentiri nescio*, is a Latin quotation slightly varied from JUVENAL, and was the noble reply of BENNETT to his friends, when advised to go to Washington on the Fourth of March and make his peace with "Old Abe." The translation is, "What shall I do at Washington? I cannot lie!"

Several answers are avoidably crowded out this week.

A Sound Reason.

Why should Editors never use opium? Because it Lowers their Circulation.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI., Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER X.

The Vote Broker.

Reader! The parts of the machine are before you. You know, more intimately, I trust, than you will ever know them in the flesh, the great representative Lobbymen; the Fashionables, the Alimentaries, the Bores, the Literary, and the Womanality. Under one or other of these great heads fall the tools of the Lobby; and I am about to introduce to you the master workman who uses them. Could a man be secure, as the ancient song hath it, that his life would endure, that his life would endure, for a thousand, a *thousand* of years, I could discourse to you forever (nay! don't shudder) of the fertile ramifications and subdivisions of this great subject. But, alas! *ars longa, vita brevis;* which may be, rather elegantly than accurately, rendered: "The Lobby is long, but Life is short" I can't pursue the Lobbymen into the hidden corners and closets of the Third House; at least, not upon the present occasion; the main hall and the principal rooms, and chiefly thereof the kitchen must suffice for the nonce.

JOBSBY is what is termed by the vulgate, a Lobbyman, but the wise do call him attorney—an attorney-in-fact; which appellation arises not as the simple reader might be led to suppose because its wearer is in fact an attorney, but in contradistinction to an attorney-at-law, who practices before a court, while the business of the attorney-in-fact never leads in that direction unless by some untoward accident. This attorney-in fact is a Producer General of jobs: his office is to lobby justice, and the reverse, through Congress or the Departments, for a consideration. Chief of these is JOBSBY; *facile princeps*. There are few pies in which he has not a finger, and *no* thoroughly baked ones. Every rope and cord he knows, and every crank or screw of the whole governmental machine. I love to see a giant among mortals, and JOBSBY is a giant certes. There are few men of whom I am tempted to make to myself a graven image; but JOBSBY is one. He knows the how, where, when, through whom, and how much of every job or possibility of a job. Schemes turn to gold in his hands; claims that have rotted in committees for twenty years become rich placers when worked by this veteran, and skilful, and dauntless miner. He knows the weakness of every man in either House of Congress; the men who are to be dined; the men who are to be wined; the men who are to be danced; the men who are to be lured by the bauble, ambition; the men who must be allowed to win their piles from Mr. BETTS or Major CHIPS at the pleasing but rather "chancey" game of Faro; and if there were any to be bought, as those horrid newspaper men charge when they become more than ordinarily licentious, he would know the price of each and the precise kind of monetary "truck" they would prefer "to have it in." He will impart to you, for a due consideration, the watch-word to every entrance of the Treasury. If he had lived in RICHELIEU's time he would have been a cardinal, and perhaps a splendid play by BULWER, into the bargain, but having the misfortune, which is probably shared by most of my readers, to be cast in the Nineteenth Century, he is simply JOBSBY.

When the late Mr. JASON, of Virginia, represented this great and distracted country at the court of His Imperial Majesty, NAPOLEON III., he attended one evening, in full diplomatic toggery (you see Mr. MARCY's *black-drab* circular wasn't very much followed, as very few "circulars" are, let me tell you.) the EMPEROR's levee. There was present also, in all the splendor of which his complexion is alone capable, a respectable colored person, in the shape of the ambassador from Hayti, or Madagascar, or Mozambique, or some of those places with uncertain geographies. He was a splendid specimen of the genus *homo*, species *niger*. Our Minister was lost in admiration, and gazed, spell-bound, by the gorgeous figure. Observing this, Count WALEWSKI or PERSIGNY, or some of those fellows, crossed over, and smilingly enquired of Mr. JASON, "well, Monsieur, and what do you think of him?"

"I think, Sir," replied our minister slowly and still absorbed in the dark diplomatist; "well, I think that he's worth a thousand dollars, at the very least!"

Just so it is with JOBSBY; he never sees a man, without unconsciously attempting to appraise his value for commercial purposes.

Sporting.

Advertising columns instruct us of:

"A NICE CREAM-COLORED HORSE FOR SALE."

Our own perception of good things suggests to us that An Ice Cream-colored horse would be the right animal in the right place, if harnessed to a confectioner's cart.

HOW T KEEP CANARIES.

DEDIC D TO MISS NANCY.

ND that there may be no mistake, we mean How to Keep Canary Birds, and not Canary Kids, for these are very hard to keep——clean.

In the first place, it is better to keep them in a cage than in a bandbox with the lid off and the windows open. If the cage is hung where the cats can nearly spring on it, but not quite reach it, it will have the effect of keeping the birds lively, having a tendency to develope their mus e, and to keep them vocally quiet; which is an admirable ex mple for small children.

The practice of rising summer at sunrise and hanging your bird—out of the windov is to be commended, since we all know it's the early bird that ches the worms; and the practice is especially to be commend l, if your lover intends going fishing, since your bird will thus ave him some hard work with a shovel, digging for bait.

There should, by all n ans, be sand in his cage; if it is an hour-glass, it will afford him ausement, and prevent his scattering it over the floor. If the s ss should fall in a retiring position, and the Sands Nearly Run C , it is a mistake to put in two three-cent postage-stamps; it's a l s of time, that's all.

The Inquisition cages, ose where the bird is compelled to draw water and food in a sma cart, which falls back as soon as he has clawed it up, although f for the spectator, is death for the canary, and the old fashio d plan of letting the bird go to seed is preferable.

The Canary-bird keepe should have patience, and we must here enter our protest agains the practice of certain fanciers giving their birds a cracker, w their fists, when he will not sing. Sponge cake, when you out to evening parties, and giv it to your bird; also grab ap s; also cabbage leaves for him. Let- tuce is good for him, le ce—remember this!

The Canary has a live appreciation of the rattle of dinner- knives, glasses, plates, d conversation; therefore, when you have friends to dine, let im be placed where he can fully enjoy it, and he will amply re y you by his shrill song, obviating all necessity to make conve tion with your guests, and preventing any one from thinking— hich, when the dinner is badly cooked, is desirable.

The male bird sings, d may thus be distinguished from the fema e. High authority eclares that "his head is wider and long r, and has richer co s and larger feet than the female."

If "his head has large feet than the female," of course he can be easily known. Perha our authority alludes to Crow-feet; if not, we must acknowled defeat, and that we have yet to see a genuine Male Canary; t nearest approach being the Neapolitan coat of arms— a head w three legs.

In conclusion, we can t say of the Canary-bird, with the romantic Jerseyman in his logy over one that his wife fried:

"Can 'ary bird be as p rt as this?"

Mill-tonic.

What the pugilist said the clock. Put your hands up!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PITATI, March 14th.

DEAR VANITY:—nce more sword in hand! GARIBALDI is away, and I have Italy . . . the whole of Italy . . . resting upon my own shoulders!

But I can bear it . . .

Viva l' Italia!

Basta!

The dogs of war, dear VANITY, have howled about me, and the monotonous song of the blunderbuss has wooed mine ears, since last I wrote. Maidens' kisses have not been mine; the slumbrous lute has hushed its voice, and the blandishments of playful dalliance in the bowers of ease have been unknown to me, since . . . since . . . ah, let me drop a tear! . . . since PIUSETTA left the old baronial halls of th Quirinal.

No! carnage has imbrued these hands, and the sun hath shone upon th s manly form, grimly stalking over the death-strewn field of gore and of glory!

Ha!

I tell you, VANITY, it almost crazes me . . . it is so strange . . . when I look back upon my humble origin . . . my poor pretensions . . . and then think on my present estate.

Born of poor but honest parents, my only care was to increase my herds, without thought for the morrow, when the night cometh, wherein no man can work!

Now . . . look upon me! Courted and caressed . . . the ruler of rulers . . . feared, yet respected by kings and queens . . . a terror to my country and an honor to my foe! . . .

By jingo, it is a Big Thing!

It was early. The morning cock had hardly crowed the hour of fifteen minutes past nine. I slept as all sleep who have kept themselves pure from the vices common to humanity. . .

Suddenly, a rude knock broke my slumbers, and a corporal of Zouaves entered with despatches, written in the cipher peculiar to myself and officers. This is a specimen of the cipher used in the present instance.

" ? X aou-aou $ X !

24,000 ? ? ○ ○ $ gub § ! ! &c. ○ ; † 00

512 ○ ! ! d—l "

There; I defy any man to read that without the key!

I arose, dressed, breakfasted, smoked, and read the dispatches. War again! Insurrection in Pitati, where I am now writing.

"My horse, PIETRO," said I, to my servant.

He brought me a horse.

I bade a furtive farewell to PIUSETTA, and a haughty one to her governor, the Pope. Then I galloped off to Pitati, and arrived before the gates of the city just at sunset . . . a hard day's ride.

Four squadrons of my reserve force . . . two of Zouaves, one of *gens d'armerie*, six battalions of foot-dragoons, three of mounted infantry, and a Hook-and-Ladder company . . . accompanied me. I felt like an army with banners!

The town was in confusion. Barricades had been thrown up here and there in Blucker, Chestnut, and Carmine streets, and the Secessionists held full possession of them. The Coërcionists were few in numbers and weak in the knees, but when I dashed into town, with my gallant Zoo-zoos on the run, shouting their awful war-cry of "Hi! hi! hi! hi!" the poor fellows gathered courage, and charged their foes with tremendous effect.

And here, I must confess that I cruelly wronged a brave and honorable soldier, through a mistake which now seems stupid enough. It was the first error I ever made.

A young lieutenant of light quadroons, overcome by enthusiasm as he saw the Secession forces scatter, cried out, in riding by me:

"The day is ours!"

"Fool!" I said, hastily, "are not all days Hours? Time is made up of them!"

He burst into tears.

Seeing that something was wrong, I raised him up tenderly, lifted him with care, and asked, in my most winning tones:

"What's up?"

He explained.

I never was humiliated before. I begged ten thousand pardons, and asked him to drop around to my quarters when the battle was through.

"*Courage, mon brave!*" I said; *allez dedans, limons, mais ne soyez pas serré!*"

"Down With the Flag!"

Yes! tear the Rainbow Flag from out the skies!
Pluck down the stars that gem Columbia's brow:
Shatter the Beacon Light that shone but now,
While the old Ship through the black breakers ilies.

'Tis fit that Treason thrive as Freedom dies!
'Tis fit the Enslaver strike the unhallowed blow!
'Tis fit that Honor, "Chivalry," Truth be low
Where Thieves conspire and "Statesmen" *act* their lies.

Oh, Africa! from thee the Avenger—thee!—
Old Serpent of the Nile, thy poison lurks.
We trampled and *it* stung! and now we see
Though Vengeance sleeps—yet Justice never shirks.
Seven Plagues went out in Egypt—Earth grew free.
Seven "Plagues" went out from U. S.—Now, what shall be their works?

The Young Shaver!

Why should Prince HUMBERT, the heir of the Italian Crown, find shaving easy?
Because he himself is Naples' hope. (Naples soap.)

The Prayer of the Wherry-men who lost their Sculls.

Oar a pro nobis.

The Thief's Advice to a Billiard Table.

Look out for your pockets.

LA BONNE IN FIFTH AVENUE.

JONES, (*to Smith.*)—"LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE SWEET LITTLE IMPORTED FRENCH BONNES—YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR SAUCY LITTLE WHITE CAPS."

Sweet Little Bonne (to juvenile charge.)—"COME BACK OUT O' THAT, MASTHER FREDDY IT'S MEANDERIN' IN THE GUTTHER YE ARE ALL THE TIME, EVER SINCE YE GOT THEM INJY RUBBER BOOTS!"

At this moment, a party of lansquenets attacked us, and we were compelled to kill every man of them before we could gain the open square where the battle was raging. There we got separated, and I saw my gay lieutenant no more that night.

As it grew dark, we set fire to the hospitals and boarding-schools, which gave us plenty of light, and the work went bravely on. I fought like a tiger. Like a good many tigers, in fact.

Seeing the body of an officer high in rank, lying in a little blind alley, I, who am naturally economical, went to it, to see whether there might not be a valuable gold watch, or diamond ring, to save. Just as I secured some little property in the gift jewelry line, two artillerymen, drawing a gun, came by, and saw me.

They belonged to the enemy, and immediately recognised me; so they planted their gun . . . a ten-inch Columbiad . . . at the mouth of the alley-way, and prepared to blow me higher than a kite.

A beautiful woman, who had been admiring me from a window near, had the presence of mind to let down a rope made of a sheet, and I ascended in safety! The cannon went off just as I clambered into the window. It knocked down a house at the end of the lane, but did no further damage.

I kneeled gracefully at the feet of my preserver.

"You have rescued my life," said I; "I adore you! Marry me at your earliest convenience. I *may* not do better . . . You *can* not!"

"Alas, Monsieur," she replied, blushing like a rose; "I am already married. My husband is a lieutenant of quadroons, in your army. He has saved this house from destruction, because I lived here. I know you, and am proud of having contributed to the comfort of the world's greatest benefactor!"

"Your husband . . . a lieutenant of quadroons, say you?"

"Aye, my lord."

"A tall, slender fellow, with no hair . . . a man who has been good-looking?"

"The same!"

"Smokes a good deal, wears green gloves, and keeps a black-and-tan terrier dog?"

"'Tis he!"

"He shall be rewarded."

I left the house through the garden, and found the fight over. Of course, we had won.

The next morning, I sent for my gay lieutenant whom I had accidentally offended, and whose wife had saved me.

He came with joy, and was overwhelmed with gratitude when I presented him with my own sword, a medal of honor, and some loose change. I then created him peer of France, on the spot, and sent him home in my private carriage.

But the excitement of battle has passed off, and I grow weary. I think I shall return to Rome soon.

MCARONE.

A Joke with Steam in it.

When Canterbury Hall was burned down, the other night, good service was done by the Steam fire-engines, the perpetual play of which upon the adjoining buildings saved them from the grasp of the voracious element.

"That," exclaimed an eminent dramatic critic, as he gazed semi-nude from his window upon the thundering steam-pump at work near the hydrant beneath—"That is what our French friends call a *succès d'estime*."

That's So.

Why is Doctor HOLMES inconsistent?
Because he either doses the public with Autocracy, or *Elsie Venner*-ates them too highly.

By Our Cockney.

When can a young man assure himself of living to a good age?
When before his mirror he is sure to be'old himself.

ON WRITING HISTORY.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

DEAR SIR:—I am a teacher. A man, as I trust, of enlarged and liberal ideas. My forte is History. I am, I hope, up with the Age. I believe in MACAULAY enlarged. I would have my scholars plunge into the living springs of action. Journals, daily life, the market place and forum should instruct them.

In accordance with this theory, I recently bade two of my scholars write each a chapter of cotemporary history. Bade them draw their inspiration from the newspapers. For newspapers are the mirrors of the age. Told them not to fear a vigorous, popular style. Even idioms, I said, are not invariably intolerable. LIVY has his Patavinity. SALLUST is pleasingly peculiar.

Behold the results. Behold them—I say behold them. *This* is what comes of studying the newspapers:

The White House in 1861.

The President of the United States had retired—So had his wife—So, too, his Private Secretary. That's so!

The night was fearful dark. The silence in and about the Executive Mansion was suggestive of an Eternity of Somnolence. Big Thing.

There was a Voice in the Night. "Awake, Old Abe! Get up, quick, array thyself in thy daily apparel, and in thy Council Chamber sudden come"—so his Privy Scribbler. Bully for him!

Abraham arose, dressed and vamosed his ranch. Entering his Presidential office, he beheld a little fat man—Well, he Did,

Who, rushing toward him, embraced his knees, and said: "Old Hoss, how are you, any way? I voted for you, I worked for you and now I'm here; and the living jingo, stir I'll not, until you've promised me the Odunck Post Office."

That's on record!

Of course Mr. Lincoln granted his request immediately, whereupon the stranger retired, and so did the President. Distinctively,

THE END.

[Note by the author]

The above narrative is an attempt to combine modern elegance of language with purity of morals. On the Canal street plan.

Never Give In for want of Axin' Chalk your own hat.
Would you rise to distinction?
Travel on your cheek.

This was the first article. The second, which follows, I was at first tempted to believe was the effort of sheer delirium. But to my amazement, I was shown the original article in a leading daily paper, upon which it was modelled! Yes, sir—to my horror I found it even a wilder affair than the imitation. What is the *World* coming to when it base imitates such a model?

The Defensive Square Of Surrounded Sumter.

When the Star of the West first attempted to enter Charleston Harbor, a sudden conviction seems to have seized upon the mind of her Heroic Commander, that it would not be safe to proceed. He had no desire to go further and fare worse. The batteries which lined the bay, from Pon Pon Reef to Sunfish Shoal, held the Star of the West under a destructive fire, and she could not blaze away in return—for she was a Shooting Star. The extraordinary speed with which the Heroic Commander proceeded to put a very long 'waste of water' between the stern of his ship and the stern realities of the shore, seems to have astonished, for a moment, the unaccustomed natives, and the skiff-ful movement by which a number of secession troops prepared to enter into intimate relations with the reinforcing forces, evidently convinced the Highest Authorities of the impossibility of holding water against a disorganized and revolutionary people. The Charlestonians flatly refused to Harbor the ship, though they professed themselves quite willing, and indeed, as before stated, made preparations to Board her. The Heroic Captain soon saw that there were difficulties in his weigh; the mouth of the harbor showed a very ugly row of teeth—there was no boy's play about it;—therefore, with wise haste, he broke away from the lines of the enemy, let his sails go by the run, and ran his ship out of the harbor, confessing himself beaten, but avowing an intention to beat back again.

The result of this mad enterprise has been the complete imprisonment of a band of heroic men within the famous Sumter Square.

The Square alluded to is of a quadrilateral form; it is bounded on the North by a sand-bank, on all other sides by the bounding waters. Encircled by the arms of the sea, a corresponding number of hands in the interior is alone requisite to prepare the place for a pleasant residence. Even the enemies of the Gallant Commander admit that the position he has taken is defensible, though they do not indorse the back-action by which he gained it. Among the Quid nuncs of Charleston, Sumter is known as ANDERSON'S SOLACE.

But if nature has done much for Sumter—on the square—art has done more.

The fortress of Sumter lies on an isle near the scene of the late conflict.

It is true that the form of the fortress is quadrilateral; but if we follow up the mystic clue of its masonry, we shall find innumerable elbows in its walls, formed by the sympathies of youth, and the bloint pank range of its guns.

Thus, though a cannon shot should cut Sumter in two, we may still rely on the new Cabinet Ministers, and the earnest cooperation of the Pope.

In the White House are many mansions, and innumerable offices are in the gift of the President. What action GARIBALDI may take in the matter is not yet certain; but it is quite certain that neither he nor CARL SCHURZ will get the mission to Sardinia. Recent accounts indicate that LINCOLN is a brick, but "no man can be happy until he is dead." Virtue is the surest road to happiness, but why Sumter should be abandoned, until a foreign fleet suddenly comes up, on the question of our citizenship, the Editor of the *Times* alone can determine. New-York rejoices in a daily press. Rome is the Eternal City. Paris is strong in the circle of her fortifications.

And this, sir, is the result of my theory. I resign it—oh, VANITY FAIR—resign in sorrow and in tears, grieving a thousand years in advance over those unhappy mortals who must in future ages bewilder their brains and corrupt their style in making historical researches among the newspaper files of this day

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Entomological Interrogation.

Q.—What loathsome insect does the circumstance of an elderly man with a carpet-bag seeing his third wife getting into a carriage drawn by four horses, with a strange and rather good-looking person in a white hat and whiskers, on a balmy afternoon, remind one of?

A.—Spied Her.

Lamps vs. Oil.

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* states that the "Aladdin" Coal Oil Company manufacture 12 000 barrels of oil per year, worth about $200.000. In the Arabian Nights A-Lad-In the lamp business, beat those figures gr—easy!

Classical.

What is the Latin for it when a man with blue eyes gets one of them blackened?

Alter Ego.

To the Pennsylvanians.

If the oil flows too freely from your Natural Springs, just Re-strain it.

An Ax to Grind.

Mend-ax.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the midst of all that unbounded prosperity which we detailed in our last chapter, there slowly stole a shadow. It was not Failure—oh, no! The *Daily Poker* increased in circulation, continued to advertise its proprietors, and sunk no more capital than it was expected to. The coal-scuttle business throve mightily—Mr. Primpenny was filling more orders for the home and foreign markets than in any previous season—and you might just as well have looked for a consistent Christian as for one of his notes in Wall street. No! the shadow was not Failure.

Nor was it Death. Mr. Primpenny belonged to that class of men who do not die. They make it a point of business honor not to die. They would be as heartily ashamed of doing such a thing as of overreaching—no, I mean of being overreached, in a commercial transaction. They will not let themselves run past maturity—they cannot think of allowing that notary of lives payable, the sexton, to protest them with the stamp of his spade. They will not pay their debt to Nature—when she sues them, they litigate, employing that notable counsel known as the First New-York Physician, and that certain other, still more celebrated for tenacity in carrying up bad human causes through all the Courts of Appeal, Indomitable Will. When Nature sends her Sheriff, Gout, to make a savage levy on their toes, they serve on him a writ of replevin in the shape of Citric Acid, Actaca, and innumerable other medicaments. When Nature lodges them in the horrible debtor's jail—that Eldridge street of Dyspepsia thrice accursed (if Eldridge street could be any more accursed than it is in its present state), this class of men who do not die, forthwith proceed to *habeas-corpus* themselves out with brandy and laudanum cocktails. Should nature clap on them a summons to a judgment debtor's examination at the bar of Heart-Disease, they boldly make a display of all their assets—it becomes immediately apparent that they have long ago parted with that particular good and chattel on which Disease might fasten for the satisfaction of the debt—and they are discharged of court, leaving Nature to pay the fees. These are the indomitable, the unquenchable men, who make our great fortunes, build our big railroads, take our heaviest ferry leases, bid for our most important contracts—the world-envied, the omnipotent men. Like a revivified dead-house, they lumber palely down to their businesss in the early cars and stages—lumber back again to nibble scanty bits of cracker with dry, pallid mouths, at their luxurious family tables in the evening. Their stomachs are gone—but they live. Their hearts are dried kernels—they live still. They grow bloodless, fleshless, sallow, half-blind, lame, eighty years old in forty years' time—but they live—and live—and live. They *never* die. By-and-by something happens to them. Indomitable Will has concluded to pay Nature what he owed her long ago. He voluntarily gives her her own—that is all. And this as yet was not the thing which had happened to Mr. Primpenny. *Death* was not the Shadow.

Whatever it was, Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie observed it creeping closer and closer every day. It came in his growing fits of taciturnity—in long evening drowsiness, out of which it was almost impossible to rouse him, and which he explained by saying with a wave of the hand, "Business, my dears, Business!" It came, too, in nights of tossing and sleeplessness—in groanings and clutchings of the pillow, which Mr. Primpenny supposed to be quite unknown to Mrs. Primpenny, but which nevertheless she *did* know quite well.

At length the strangeness of his manner increased to such a degree that his wife and daughter began to be seriously alarmed. In the first place, for his sake—and in the second place for Stuyvesant's. They had been reassured in regard to the young man by that word which Isaiah had spoken to them in the study—and with unwavering faith in the head of their family, had born a separation from their son and brother which otherwise would have been unbearable. But now, the thought struck them, was not that word only one of the vagaries of a mind daily becoming queerer and vaguer? How they wished to ask, yet how deeply did they dread to!

One evening, about this time, Isaiah came home a little earlier than for weeks past had been his custom, and without speaking to any one, walked directly through the entry and went down the back steps into the yard. In a few moments he was followed by a carpenter and his assistants—dragging gigantic beams and blocks of wood through the basement hall, to the great consternation of the servants, who could see no alternative to the conviction that a gallows was to be erected for the immediate execution of some person or persons unknown. After these proceeded a company of exceeding grimy men in duck garments, who with prodigious difficulty trundled upon rollers one of Meneeley's hugest *bells*, which, having been borne by dint of much scraping, through the back door, which it almost exactly fitted, they and the carpenters aforesaid did incontinently proceed to set up in a timber frame in the middle of the yard. This process, succeeded by the roofing of the bell under another series of gigantic timbers, occupied the remainder of the afternoon until dark. Meanwhile, Mr. Primpenny stood imperturbably directing all these miraculous arrangements, and quite oblivious of the fact that his wife and daughter, in an entirely appalled state of mind, were flattening their amazed faces against the second story back windows.

When dinner was ready, the workmen dismissed, and Mr. Primpenny ascended to the dining-room, Lottie took the liberty of asking him what that portentous apparatus in the back yard might mean.

"You will see it all explained, my dear, in to-morrow's *Poker*," said Mr. Primpenny, with his customary decisive wave of the hand. After this, his family felt bound not to make any farther inquiries. They were destined, however, to understand the reason of the apparatus several hours earlier than the earliest edition of the next *Poker*.

About half-past one of the morning next succeeding the erection of the portentous apparatus, the bell of Jefferson Market alarm-tower sounded for fire in the district. Mrs. Primpenny and her daughter, worn out with long watching and anxiety, in all probability did not hear it until at least the twentieth stroke. When they did, however, Lottie, as was her wont on the occasion of any near indication of fire, rushed into her mother's room—alas, to find her quite bewildered and lonely, because Isaiah was nowhere to be found! His place was still warm beside her—none of his clothes had been removed from the chair where he always folded them on retiring, with scrupulous exactness. Mrs. Primpenny looked about her like one in a horrible nightmare, and Lottie, with equal terror, clung to her side.

"Where *can* he have gone?" said Mrs. Primpenny. "Oh!" answered Lottie, not knowing what she said. "What *will* become of us? How I do wish Mr. Muffles—or Stuyvesant—or some gentleman were in the house!"

Mrs. Primpenny, with a mother's usual acumen, could not fail to notice that Lottie spoke of Mr. Muffles—spoke of him *first* in the time of danger—even before her longa-bsent brother—and grew collected in an instant.

Mr. *Muffles?*" said she—"why do you speak of *him*, Lottie? What are you saying, dear?"

"I don't know what I'm saying!" replied Lottie, cowering close to her mother's side—"I'm nearly frightened to death! where *is* father?"

The next instant answered that question. From the back yard came a quick, resonant clang—then, at a short interval another, and looking out of the window, they discovered Mr. Primpenny standing in his watch-tower, just as he had arisen from his bed, in garments of white, answering the alarm of Jefferson market, upon that portentous apparatus in the back yard!

It was not until all the neighbors were aroused, and a hundred sashes thrown up right and left, revealing various respectable citizens quite bereft of their usual self-possession, and of every garment save those in which sober-minded persons retire to unconsciousness from the public view—nor until the last peal of Jefferson Market bell had died away, and there was every reason to believe that the most somnolent fireman of the district had been awakened to a sense of his duty, that Mr. Primpenny returned to the arms of his agonized family.

"My dear husband! what does this mean?"

"My dear father! what *does* this mean?" chorussed the members of that family.

"Let us go to our peaceful couches," replied Isaiah, firmly—"in the blissful consciousness that we have done our duty—having saved our neighbor's roof from the devouring element, at the same time that we have largely advertised the metallic interest in the form of bells. Full particulars will appear in to-morrow's *Poker*."

This was the only answer they could get out of him. Accordingly, they wooed their pillows again with a sense of thorough exhaustion—and slept till the morning *Poker* was laid wet and

reeking on their door-ste[p] tained the following, inse[rted]

PUBLIC [SPI]RITED ENTERPRISE.

"Our distinguished fellow-c[itizen], not further identify as the pre[sent] establishment at No.——Gree[ley] and mechanically perfect fire[-proof] No.——Fifth Avenue, which [is a] similar apparatus under the c[are] spirit on the part of a private [citi]zen, directly permitted his name to [be] highly appreciated nor too hig[hly] citizens were a Primpenny—th[is] cent institution—a fire-bell. [Not] we the slightest idea that he [would] Still, it seems to us a mere act [of] to propose that all our parties, men, throw aside their stale a[nd] and worn-out platforms, and [nom]THE MAN OF THE FIRE-BEL[L]—ISAIAH PRIMPENNY!"

"Humph! d'ye see th[at]" said Isaiah, throwing the *Daily Poker* at his family across the b[reak]fast-table, and then retreating to the door, as if he must be ou[t of] the way before they could overwhelm him with their congratul[a]tion.

Ah! they felt little e[nough] like congratulation! Well might they not congratulate t[hem]selves. It was hardly ye[t] the earliest respectable hour for morning calls, when one after[noon] other of all those ladies in the vicinity who could pretend to th[e] slightest acquaintance with the Primpenny's, dropped in to se[e] what had been the matter during the past night in that estima[ble] family's back-yard. Some of the less fastidious put the quest[ion] plumply—others hinted at it—and several who had read the [morning's *Daily Poker* brought the para]graph to know whether it [were] not a joke. At last Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie had to leave [word with the waiter to say "not in,"] and fled from the house i[n] sheer despair.

Another night came, [and] with it a repetition of the former agony. Mr. Primpenny [(in tunic of sacrecotal white) again] mounted guard over the [vest]es and fortunes of his fellow citizens, and agitated the clapper [of] his slumber-killing bell, with a clang which sent thrills of des[pe]ration down every spinal marrow in the vicinity. No entreaty co[uld] make him desist. He answered that he knew his duty.

The rich old bachelor, [Mr.] Popplesworthy, who lived next door, and loved noise as much [as] you love Satan, which, as I am writ[e]ing these facts solely for [the] perusal of good people, means not at all—has prepared himsel[f] for the emergency with two cats tied together by the tails and [a]ttached to a long rope. These he quietly let down from his cl[a]uber window, until they hung conveniently over Mr. Primpen[ny's] fence, and made an unearthly clamor which would have been [a] feint, to any man not doing his duty, that he had better stop o[r] fectly. The neighbors on the other side contented themselves wi[th] firing such a number of bootjacks and washbowls into Mr. Prim[penny's] yard, that had he become at that moment dissatisfied with [the] coal-scuttle walk of life, he might then and there have set [up] himself up in an entirely different line of house-furnishing busines[s]. Fortunately, just as the more choleric of the awakened mutter[ed] threats of calling for the police, the Jefferson Market bell s[tru]ck, and Mr. Primpenny once more abandoned his arduous p[ost] to ascend to the bosom of a distracted family.

Hardly had Mr. Primp[enny] gone down town the next morning, when Mr. Popplesworthy [came] in to see what it all meant—and to threaten that if it did [not] mean something very different from what he thought it mea[nt] he would have Mr. Primpenny indicted for flagrant and abomina[ble] nuisance.

"Why, mum!" said [Mr.] Popplesworthy to Mrs. Primpenny—"I do believe, mum, th[at] the man's *crazy*, mum!"

The lady and he stood [in] the hall when he said this. Just at that moment, the forme[r] happened to glance, in her trepidation, toward the hat-stand—an[d] there—to her horror, she beheld—*Mr. Primpenny's umbrella!*

He had left it at home [for] the first time in thirty years!

Yes—he *was* crazy! [No] doubt was now forever gone! Mrs. Primpenny swooned, and [sat] for Mr. Popplesworthy's intervention, would have fallen prostr[ate] on the floor. Mr. Popplesworthy was not a bad man at heart. [He] pulled the lady's nose—and jerked her hair—and did every[thing] to make it as comfortable for her as possible—even to telling [her] that he withdrew the threat of indictment. She was fina[lly] and with great difficulty, restored—but not until Lottie had [reached] down stairs to see her, and go, herself into a precisely s[imi]lar state.

"Among other items, that journal contained in a conspicuous place:

PUBLIC [SPI]RITED ENTERPRISE.

"Our distinguished fellow-c[itizen], Isaiah Primpenny, Esq., whom we need not further identify as the pro[pri]etor of the vast and unsurpassed coal-scuttle establishment at No.——Gree[ley]ich street—has just erected a most expensive and mechanically perfect fire[-]arm upon the premises adjoining his residence, similar apparatus under the c[are] understand will hereafter be auxiliary to the spirit on the part of a private [citi]of the Municipal Government. Such public directly permitted his name to [be] zen, who has never desired office, nor even highly appreciated nor too hig[hly] used in connection with it, cannot be too citizens were a Primpenny—th[is] praised. We would that every one of our cent institution—a fire-bell. [Not] each of their back yards contained that munifi we the slightest idea that he [would] have not consulted Mr. Primpenny, nor have Still, it seems to us a mere act [of] did accept the honor which we now suggest. to propose that all our parties, justice in view of the approaching election, men, throw aside their stale a[nd] Democrats. Republicans, Americans, and Union and worn-out platforms, and [nom]non-essential differences—abandon their effete THE MAN OF THE FIRE-BEL[L]ite with one accord to nominate for Mayor —ISAIAH PRIMPENNY!"

"Humph! d'ye see th[at]" said Isaiah, throwing the *Daily Poker* at his family across the b[reak]fast-table, and then retreating to the door, as if he must be ou[t of] the way before they could overwhelm him with their congratul[a]tion.

Ah! they felt little e[nough] like congratulation! Well might they not congratulate t[hem]selves—they could not congratulate themselves. It was hardly ye[t] the earliest respectable hour for morning calls, when one after[noon] mother of all those ladies in the vicinity who could pretend to th[e] slightest acquaintance with the Primpenny's, dropped in to se[e] what had been the matter during the past night in that estima[ble] family's back-yard. Some of the less fastidious put the quest[ion] plumply—others hinted at it—and several who had read the [morning's *Daily Poker* brought the para]graph to know whether it [were] not a joke. At last Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie had to leave [word with the waiter to say "not in,"] and fled from the house i[n] sheer despair.

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After Mr. Popplesworthy had departed, the unfortunate ladies passed the remainder of the day in a state of miserable suspense. Ah, miserable, and miserably terminated—for about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Primpenny was brought home in a carriage, accompanied by two of his clerks. He had been caught just as he was going out of the warehouse, with his bank-book in his pocket, asserting his intention to draw out all his deposit from the American Exchange, and bring it home in an immense coal-scuttle, which he carried on his arm, to endow an asylum for such superannuated hardware dealers as had no sons to carry on the business.

At the sight of their husband and father in this demented condition, the agony of the two poor women knew no bounds.

With great difficulty Isaiah was carried into the house, and deposited in bed.

Once in that receptacle of the weary, he required all the strength of the two young men to keep him there. He continually raved of his business, which was going, he said, to ruin without him. And ever and anon he imagined himself back in the workshop of his youth, hammering away at his old "boss's" scuttles. As his fist rose and fell upon the side of the bedstead, he sang a strange refrain as he had probably done of old—but with a still stranger burden of the present time—thus:

"Men there be who have a son—
I have *none*—I have *none!*"

How much this agonized the two poor women need not be said. Did it mean that Stuyvesant was *dead*—that he would never come back to them any more? Now they remembered that word of his in the study. It was only this:

"*I know*, where he is."

Could he tell them *now*, where that was? At any rate they would ask him.

"Husband! father! Where is *dear* Stuyvesant?

At first his only answer was,

"Who is Stuyvesant?"

Then he looked vaguely around the room—then his eyes returned to the bed-quilt—and he began going through a series of motions with his hands as if he were sorting and considering a bundle of papers. Finally he said in a determined tone—

"I want Muffles."

Lottie and her mother both started with surprise!

Then Isaiah said again, still more firmly,

"Send directly for *Muffles*. Send to Peter Chillgrin's office for *Muffles*."

With a beating heart, Lottie left her father's bedside, and at her mother's request, wrote a modest, maidenly note to Mr. Muffles, asking that he would come to the house as soon as possible, because her father was very ill and wished to see him. This, directed to Peter Chillgrin Esq's care, she gave to the waiter, with orders not to return until he could bring Mr. Muffles with him.

In the course of two hours, the servant returned, accompanied by the gentleman desired. Lottie met him at the door, and just touching his hand with her trembling cold fingers, but not vouchsafing the word which she durst not speak, led him to her father's chamber.

The moment that Isaiah's eyes fell on him, they lost half their wildness.

"Muffles," said he with comparative calmness—"stay with me. I am an old man—all alone. You'll be good company, won't you? My partner, heh? My son, perhaps? I've been very bad to you, Muffles! I've used your designs for coal-scuttles, and I never thanked you, Muffles. I *do* thank you *now*, Muffles. Forgive me for being so bad to you, Muffles. You were never ashamed of your old father, or of his business. You never left him in his old age to do two young men's work all alone, and I was very—very unkind to you. Do, oh *do* forgive me, Muffles, and I won't act so again. Say you won't leave me, *dear* Muffles!"

With these words Isaiah clung to the young man and sobbed piteously, like a child.

When Mr. Muffles saw the faces of the two women joining their speechless looks to Isaiah's entreaty, he replied immediately that he would stay and take care of him.

It is superfluous to recite in detail all the days and nights which Mr. Muffles spent in watching by that weary bed—days and nights of terrible suspense to the wife and daughter, who in this painful season would have learned to love him as their only man-protector, even if their tendencies had not been favorable to him before. Isaiah passed through several weeks of high fever, during all of which he never had a sane interval.

It was toward the end of the third week that Mr. Muffles, sitting alone by Isaiah's bedside in the stillness of early dawn, heard him murmuring to himself in the following soliloquy:

"An old man had a son—who despised his father's business—and, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me—that I may go—and set up—a bachelor establishment. The old man—did—even as he was asked. The son set up his establishment. Then he got into difficulty with a scheming woman. Then he ran riot—as he listed. Then he compromised his sister's happiness—no he didn't! Muffles was a good boy! My son, Muffles is! But the old man thought he did—and he saw his son was going to the —devil! So—after having tried—everything else—in vain—the old man—as a last experiment—to save the —poor boy—"

Here Isaiah began sobbing, and finally seemed dropping into a doze. Muffles, in an agony of suspense, bent his face closer to the old man's, and whispered softly—

"*What then? What then?*"

Isaiah murmured—

"Then he had him carried away from—all—his—old—associations. They took him on a sloop—when he was asleep with drugs in his beer. They carried him—down east—and landed him on the coast of—New Hampshire. Then they took him in a close carriage—across the wild part of the country—into the mountains of Vermont. The old man thought that—if the—poor boy—could only get out of his—old groove—and have a little time to think—and be out of the way of luxury—and danger—he would grow better—by and bye. Then the young man fell in love with a pretty girl—and her father wanted to know if the old man liked it. And the old man wrote yes—he was glad. Then the old man got into a dark—ugh! an *awful* dark place! and he—couldn't write any more."

"Who was the man that took care of the old man's son?" said Muffles, whispering almost inaudibly, that he might filter his question into Isaiah's mind through the chinks of his dream without waking him.

"It was—an old friend of the old man. His name—was—was *Reuben Kineboy*".

When Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie came at sunrise to relieve Mr. Muffles—it was *they*, not *he*, who were relieved. For they heard, for the first time, sure tidings of their son and brother!

By the next mail a summons went forth from the House of Primpenny, to recall its wandering sheep—nor were the shepherd and shepherdess forgotten therein—Reuben and Melissa.

Six weeks from the first terrible day of Isaiah's fever—the physician pronounced him sufficiently out of danger to see all his family together. His hair was several shades more silvery—his face far thinner and paler than of old—but he was on the rising grade. So he sat propped in pillows, and one after the other, the Primpenny family, whom he knew once more, came up to his bedside.

Mrs. Primpenny—the faithful wife of thirty years—first he folded her in his arms.

Then *Lottie*—and as he caressed her shining head, she could scarcely keep back the tears which would be so bad for his weakness.

Then *Muffles*. "God bless you!" said Isaiah—"I should have died without you, *my son*"—and he put Lottie's hand into that of the young man.

Then *Stuyvesant*. Isaiah started—and for the first time since his illness, a glow came into his cheeks, answering to those of the prodigal's.

"Oh, forgive me, my son!" said Isaiah, brokenly "I did what I did only because I despaired of bringing you back in any other way. My *dear* boy—*forgive* me!"

"*Forgive you?* Forgive *me*, you mean! That was a queer lark of yours, father—but it made me the happiest man in the world! Without it, I should never have known what it was to see, and *have* too, a *real, pure, untouched*, woman's heart. *Look*, father!"

And with that, he brought to Isaiah's bedside the blushing, raven-haired, country-girl, *Melissa!*

The old man looked for a moment in silence. Then the tears came trickling down his pale cheeks—he stretched out his arms, and said, "My *dear daughter!*

"My dear father!" said she, and stooping, kissed him.

"Wall, I vaow!" exclaimed a hoarse, bass voice of unmistakable nativity, through the doorway—"Ef that ain't a right daown purty piece of bizness to take away a man's little gal, square in his own eyes and teeth, without so much as sayin' thankye!"

Isaiah looked around and saw the ruddy, beaming face of his old schoolmate.

"I *do* say thank you, Reuben!" he answered, stretching out his hand to the Vermonter, who held its worn thin fingers in his great gripe as gingerly as if they had been a baby's—"I do say thank you—and more than that—God bless you! for you have saved me a son—and added to me a daughter!"

"BYE BYE BABY!"

Anxious Young Mother.—"GOOD GRACIOUS, WOMAN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU ABOUT!"

Bridget.—"SURE YOU BID ME WASH THE BABY, AND WHAT WOULD I DO IT WITH ONLY THE WASHING-MACHINE?"

Within the next month, there was a new sign put over the door of the coal-scuttle shop—and this was its inscription:

"PRIMPENNY, SON, & MUFFLES."

Within the next month there were two weddings in the house of Isaiah—whereby he forever secured to himself a complementary son and daughter.

Within the next month, Teague was promoted from his place of bachelor's valet to that of waiter on a married couple, characteristically remarking, that though he had always liked to be Misther Stuyvesant's *man*, it was a swate little bit of a change to be *lady's-maid* to Misthress Primpenny.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Muffles, they staid at home with the old folks, and made them so happy that I don't know whether they will ever let the young people have an establishment of their own.

Reuben oscillates between the two firesides—smoking his pipe, and singing Peggy Gordon in such a jocund strain as to lead to the impression that he has been back to the bridge and found his voice.

There is a young Miss Primpenny—and a young Master Muffles. So you see that neither of these estimable couples is doing what I must now do with deep regret.

"What is that, pray?"

Put an end to the Primpenny family.

FINE ORDS vs. PARSNIPS.

Mr Russell, in hi engthy statement on the subject of his complicity in the frea dian bonds fraud, speaks of certain trust documents as hav ng h "hyp thecates" by Him. We have two weapons wherewit to et Mr. Russell on this question First, an Ancient Saw, whi instructs us that "Fine words butter no Parsnips," from which ay be extracted the subtle dogma, that there be some things y ch no amount of lubrication will enable people to gulp down Secondly, an Ancient Pistol, who was a great adept in word-bu ring and so tenacious on the subject of his honor, that he wo n't stand the word "steal" at any price. Says he, when some ill ed person makes use of that vulgar expression:

"Steal? foh! a fico for th hrase, convey the wise it call!"

And so the noble An Saxon tongue is getting to be as smooth on both sides as a sh tossed pebble; and by and by we shall read in some police r that a base varlet was brought up on suspicion of 'hy pothe ng" another man's watch. The term is not exclusively applic to appropriation, however, but has been defined "to pledge, p gage, impignorate"—a definition with such a Sholomorish aud tion about it, that we should not be surprised at finding son of our bankers under three golden balls, describing themselves ext year's directory as "Hypothecaries."

ARMED LIVES.

Everybody w o walk mile of Broadway, in the working hours of the day, owes his c er unshattered form to a series of direct miracles or interposit of Providence in his or her respective favor The transition— ate of our principal thoroughfare, from the pig-style t the tial, has rendered bricks and mortar a necessity; and ar alo n the ladder doth the cheerful hod-man troll his native melody hile little recks the pedestrian below of the open box of hard ks poised ticklishly over his head by the Milesian sky-lark. F er on, the unsuspicious pedestrian beholds a great wooden gine bearing a general resemblanc in form to a capital A. ile he is wondering whether any r ore members of the alph are lurking round, he steps up a squared brick o marb weighing about three tons, while, at the same moment, he cap A, which is a lifting "derrick," groans with a sudden train o e tackle diabolically woven aronnd it. The unsuspicious pede an now finds that he is going up somewhere in company wit e marble brick, which is at one end of the tackle, and quite n he mercy of an Irishman with a pipe in his mouth who is at th er, as master of the situation, because he knows the ropes. ng from the marble brick to oblige he Irishman, the unsuspi pedestrian lands upon a loose plank forming a por ion of th mporary sidewalk laid down to prevent excavation fro interr ing travel. The loose plank does not give way muc becau the unsuspicious pedestrian is of New-York, and bears a charm life. It only tilts up and hits him n the nose, causing extra ion of blood around both eyes, he orrhage of the gums, has a tendency toward blasphemy on tongue. Proceeding o is mile of Broadway, the unsuspici s pedestrian is very ang t being stopped by what is calle a "jam" at the comme ent of one of the temporary platform cellar-bridges above all to. While he is blighting his luck—for he is in a hurry to ch his druggist, in order to have his nose assuaged—the plat m gives way, and subsides in a slanting manner into a remote d ict of the cavernous tract below, bearing with it th "jam," ing which consists of six Jersey persons, two married wome from ria, and an aged negro female with a basket of eggs. The u spicious pedestrian is glad of this—that is, glad that he is not Jersey person, and therefore subject to "jam." He walks out good spirits, toward the middle of the stre t, in order to circu nt the mountain of bricks round which is the only right of w left, now that the platform has "caved in." Here, he gets mixe up with a prostrate omnibus horse, and, falling upon the Russ ment, is on the point of having a quantity of leather traces kled on to him in mistake; but his charmed life is yet lived him, and he arrives at the corner of Duane Street just as a s board forty feet long, six feet broad, four inches thick, and sp to a degree, comes crash down on the pavement in consequen of a failure of the tackle with which Irishmen with pipes in t mouths were sanguine about hoisting it to its destination neat e roof of a six story building. Again the charmed life—and y gain, and perchance again. But luck may chang , and we, in e character of an unsuspicious pedestrian, must enter our t foot against the palpable carelessness everywhere manifest in t surrounding arrangements of buildings in process of erection. hen the huge marble block fell in Chambers Street the oth ay, there was only one person on the cellar-bridge below—only a poor old woman; and we are not quite certain whether she was killed, or only maimed and mangled for the rest of her life. Had his Worship the Mayor, or one of the City Fathers been distributed into the cellarage when that block fell, our report of the accident would have been fuller, the public sympathy larger. It is vexatious to think how much misery is in the power of reckless clods—how sudden the association between defective tackle and deep affliction! It would be good of the proper authorities to arrange for the diminution of improper risks.

"Hello!—Flan ni-gan! Hyst up there, quick—There's a crowd of people on the sthreet, and a sthrand of the rope is broke!"

The Wharf Rat.

The wharf is silent, and black and motionless lie the ships;
The ebb tide sucks at the piles with its cold and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles is the burden of his song.

Behind the white cotton bales a figure is crouching low;
It listens with eager ears to the way that the footsteps go,
And it follows the singing sailor, stealing upon his track,
And when he reaches the river side, the wharf rat is at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph tells the fact;
But the way he went, or the road he took, will never, never be tracked!
For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps such secrets well,
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the wharf rat alone can tell.

Queries.

Our slangular contributor informs us that any kind of strong drink is a Nipper for a Christian. But the unfortunate Hebrews are limited to Gin since that is the only beverage which is properly of the new Nipper denomination.

The same gentleman inquires:

If a person owns a house in an exposed situation, is it best for him to Shut her up in summer or go it Blind?

High Living.

It is not remarkable that an old East India nabob should show by his complexion that if one lives long enough the liver proves on the very face the possibility of attaining to the Golden Mien.

A WORD FOR THE BIRD.

A couple of weeks more of April; then May, and then maggots in the Park, on the *trottoir* and on the tree. This delightful anticipation was agreeably brought to our mind a day or two since, when, on passing through WASHINGTON PARK, we witnessed an assault committed upon an intelligent looking brown sparrow by a brutal looking young park-loafer, who "shied" a stone—aimlessly, by good luck—at the superior biped with wings. For this act, we promptly branded the unwholesome miscreant by the smart application of a pretty stiff Malacca cane to the conspicuous muscular development called, we think, by anatomists, the *glutæus maximus*. MR JUSTICE CONNOLLY will pardon us for thus "raising Cain" without his able intervention; but it is a principle of ours, that "one-two on the nob," in such cases as the one under consideration, is generally equivalent to two policemen and a cart. Now, under the maggot infliction of last summer—the "measuring-worm" they call the filthy wriggler—hundreds of letters were priuted by the public press, containing suggestions for the abatement of the plague. One man would wash the trees with soap and water, as if they were Babes in the Wood hard up for a vermifuge. Another person wanted to salt, and subsequently smoke them. From the bacon saving propensities of that man, we lean to the belief that he was a dweller in Connecticut, and spread forth his doctrine with an ultimate view to wooden flitches. A grave old party treated the public to a biography of two elm-trees, which he had kept in robust health for "nigh forty year," by belting their sturdy waists with a circular tin trough, filled with a subtle essence of some dreadful drug, in which the advancing wriggler met a liquid grave under excruciating circumstances.

Go on, gentlemen; proceed. Wash the trees with old brown Windsor and Croton; salt them; smoke them; belt them with troughs of burning acid No harm will come of all this; but the bird! the bird! Cherish with every finger of the law that charming summer sojourner, be he brown sparrow, blue-bird, Baltimore clipper—oriole, we mean—or aught other that puts his trust in us. He and his family are death upon maggots, and will not be denied. Boys will be boys, but they also should be whipped whenever caught in the act of molesting birds, or abstracting the nest of the warbler from its outraged tree. We never saw an egg-thief dropping from the lowermost branch, and sneaking away with his booty, without thinking of Mr. TENNYSON'S "Talking Oak," and expecting that the marauded tree would burst out with a strong expletive from some gnarly mouth among its knots, and, lifting one of its brawny arms, lay smartly over the *glutæus maximus* of the intruder one of its sharpest and least tender-hearted twigs.

"HELLO! YOU YOUNG VARMINT!—FETCH BACK THEM 'ERE EGGS!"

How could it be Otherwise?

It is said that President LINCOLN is quite ill, in consequence of the cares that Weigh upon him This seems natural enough, for how could the duties of his administration be light, when his whole policy is Wait!

Unquestionable.

X. is disgusted with the mysterious, cat-in-a-bag course of the present administration. He says that if it continues, even the ambassadors, consuls and attachés will soon be All Abroad!

BEFORE THE PALACE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

This is the palace where he brought her home—
  Home—but not to his heart, I know!
For it cannot be but her memories roam
  To the first and the true love, long ago.
Noble and beautiful little bride,
  Doomed in her gorgeous palace of stone,
Loveless forever to sit by his side,
  And yet be forever and ever alone!

II.

Noble and beautiful spirit of love!
  Well: I am glad if you're happy so;—
Though I stand out here while the stars above
  Are as white and cold as the ground below.
I am glad that the splendor is all your own;
  And I do not desire it—ah, not I!
I am well content at the foot of the throne,
  Or to lie down here in the street and die.

III.

Perhaps you would see me then—who knows!
  Perhaps you would see in my haggard face,
Whence they have risen, your subtle woes
  And the something that saddens your stately grace.
Perhaps—ah me, I am bold indeed,
  Perhaps you would touch me! Heart and brain!
I am sure it would make the old wound bleed,
  If it did not wake me to life again!

IV.

They say I'm a drunkard now, and a knave;
  That I riot and revel by day and night;
And they're hoping so that I'll dig my grave,
  And hide my carcass out of their sight.
It's a hard, hard world, and I think sometimes—
  When I think at all—if it did but know
The bitter root of my follies and crimes,
  That it wouldn't be eager to hate me so.

V.

No matter: I love you, all the same.
  'Twas a kind true heart that you threw away:—
I can say it now, and with nothing of shame
  For I shall not live to another day:—
I can say, though the night of grief is long
  That the light of morning struggles through;
And lifted out of my sorrow and wrong,
  If I cannot live, I can die for you!

VI.

So I stand and look at your palace doors,
  The lighted windows and all the rest:
I am not a guest to tread your floors,
  But I am in your inmost heart a guest.
I know that you see me, lady fair;
  I know that you hear me; and I know
That my life will be forgiven there,
  Though the world be eager to hate me so.

Message expected by the Southern Confederacy from England.

Cotton to us.

SHOWING THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE DIRT THROWN BY THE NEW-YORK HERALD, WHICH TURNS TO PURE SNOW WHERE IT STRIKES, BUT STICKS, IN ITS ORIGINAL UNCLEAN QUALITY, TO THE HAND THAT THROWS IT.

AWAKE THERE!

Are we all dead-alive?

Is the American nation bewitched, degraded, depraved, or what is the matter with it?

We stand, a nation of some thirty millions, one-third of which is urging the rest to ruin, and wail and whimper, crying alas! and alack! The Ultras not give way—the Moderates have no minds of their own—we are rapidly becoming the scorn and the pity of Europe, for our credulity, our indecision, and imbecility. By and by war may come. Fierce, bloody, civil war, driving all to rack and ruin. we shall see action enough. Oh, yes—the romantic and desperate, and the goaded idiot and the vacillator made furious, will be fully brave *then*. As every fool or man of even small moral courage may become, when fairly slung into a fight.

Men of America—in the name of God, wake up! Let Somebody do Something. Your grandfathers—God bless them—knew enough to hold meetings, resolve bravely, and act them out. If you want to take Fort Sumter, raise an army, walk up to the Secedocracy, and TAKE it! *You can do it.* If you want it to be let alone—why, cry out "Let it alone." Let it be heard from the people in the tremendous outburst. Your Executive does Nothing—give him your voices—show him that there is a national opinion somewhere—and he'll act.

If the Tariff offend thee—pluck it out—for it is better to lose a little on manufactures than go to destruction for want of a will. If you have the nerve to protect manufactures, and believe that the scoundrels of border smuggling can be suppressed—in other words, if the men and women of the North have patriotism enough not to buy the fancy stuff which to injure us to build up the South—why, then protect them. at do Something. Show some scorn at least for the loathsome rabilities, false faith, stained honors and monstrous political crimes which are springing up like dragon's teeth everywhere around.

American people, you are partly to blame for this. You have made your deities and representatives men of tricky politicians, shuffling, selfish rascals, fellows with knaveries and stump buffooneries and adroit balancings have delighted your very hearts. Fellows whose constituency has been Cameronia, or Seward-dom, or Buchanan—but not the United States. And verily you have your reward.

And now let us see something done. We're in a regular mess, and sitting still with folded hands will no longer avail. Let the strong men come out—if there be any such in this land of buying and selling, gabbling and trembling, and lead the people into some hearty expression of sympathy for bravery, manliness, and action.

Since writing the above, the clouds seem to be clearing away with a wild North Wester. Men are arming, ships sailing—a brave hurrah going up—and Something is to Be Done. Hurrah! Nine and a Tiger! Anything but stagnation and shame and sorrow. Let us make a hearty struggle, at least, ere we become denationalized, provincialized, and altogether sunk down to the social level of bewildered Dutchmen who know not where to look for a Fatherland.

A Chance for the Educated.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, *April* 1st, 1861.

The subscriber is desirous of finding a few able bodied and intelligent young men, capable of speaking a *little* French, who would have no objection to travel or live in Europe as *Chargés d'Affaires*, Ministers and Consuls.

That there may be no equivocation or prevarication the undersigned would state that all applicants will be examined in French by himself. ABRA HAM.

N. B.—No Jerseymen need apply.

By our Paradoxologist.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful they say,
But the dog that is faithful can never Be Tray.

PRINCIPLE VS. INTEREST.

MR. BULL—My Colored Brother, don't be irrepressible—the unhappy condition to which the oppressor has reduced you, enlists my warmest sympathy—but, then, really, one cannot know friends in trade.